

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

The Critic Company.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7, 1885.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, by Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Taintor Bro's, Merrill & Co., E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano, and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store.) Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Pierce & Snyder, and Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

Saving Niagara.

WHETHER Niagara Falls shall be restored to its original framework of rocks and foliage, or permitted to remain in its present setting of mills and factories and unsightly inns, is a question that will probably be answered by the New York Legislature in a few brief weeks. If the answer is against the restoration of the old scenery, it will not be a final one; for it is not to be expected that the public-spirited men and women who have undertaken to effect this æsthetic reformation are going to desist until they have accomplished their end. Backed by popular opinion all over the land, they have already made such headway in the face of legislative indifference and the opposition of interested monopolists, that nothing is now wanting but a grant of money to carry out a plan of action long since approved by the Senate, the House of Representatives and the Governor of the State.

The movement for the restoration and preservation of the scenery of Niagara Falls originated in a suggestion of Governor Robinson's in a message sent to the Legislature in January, 1879. This suggestion led to the appointment of a committee, which promptly reported 'that the scenery of Niagara Falls has been greatly injured; that the process of injury is continuous and accelerating; and that, if not arrested, it must in time be utterly destructive of its value.' The Commissioners of the State Survey recommended the purchase of so much land as should be necessary to arrest the destruction of the natural beauty of the shores and islands adjoining the cataract, and a bill designed to accomplish this object actually passed the Assembly in 1880, but failed to receive due attention in the upper branch of the Legislature. A similar measure, introduced a year later, was suffered to die of neglect. Toward the close of 1882, however, new life was infused into the movement by the election of Governor Cleveland, who was understood to favor it; and early in January of the following year the Niagara Falls Association was formed at a public meeting in this city, presided over by Mr. Howard Potter, now its President. A new bill 'to authorize the selection, location and appropriation of certain lands in the Village of Niagara Falls for a State reservation,' introduced in the House on January 30, was passed on March 14. A month later it passed the Senate, and soon afterward received Governor Cleveland's signature.

Commissioners were at once appointed to select the necessary land and award damages to its owners. They set apart 118 acres in all, including Bath Island and the shore-line of the village, and decided upon \$1,433,429.50 as a fair price for the condemned property, including buildings. This award, which the Supreme Court duly confirmed, was only about one fourth as large as the amount claimed by the proprietors; and it is this award that the present Legislature is to pass upon. If the necessary funds are withheld, Niagara will remain for years the disfigured object it now is. If they

are bestowed, it will be surrounded again by the fitting framework in which it was originally cased. Every patriotic American must deplore the pitiable state to which the place has been reduced. Niagara to-day is simply the nucleus of a cluster of unsightly edifices, devoted to strictly utilitarian ends by men who regard this mighty mass of rushing waters merely as so much motive power for so many wheels. Moreover, there is not a square-foot of American soil from which the marvellous spectacle that has filled so many breasts with sentiments of awe and reverence can be viewed without the payment of a fee.

It is not proposed to substitute artificial adornments for the present disfiguring surroundings of the Falls. That would be at best but a leap from the fire into the pan. The plan which is now, we trust, on the point of execution, embraces nothing but the demolition of the offensive mills, factories, etc., and the planting of trees and sowing of grass on the sites so long monopolized by a handful of money-grubbing capitalists. In this way a natural park will be recreated around the Falls, to remain forever the property of the people of the State. The whole nation is interested in the success of this praiseworthy enterprise.

A Bogus Franklin Ledger.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Not many months ago, a friend in Europe asked me to procure for him a copy of the lithographed Autograph Ledger kept by Benjamin Franklin while Postmaster General of the United States, which, he informed me, had been published by one of the Departments in Washington. In compliance with his request, I wrote to an acquaintance in Washington to ascertain whom I should address, and upon what terms I could procure a copy of the *fac-simile* in question. I was told to send five dollars, and a copy would be addressed to me. I did as instructed, and in due course of mail received a folio volume of some hundred and twenty odd pages of ledger, with a circular pasted on the inside of the cover, the first sentence of which ran as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 1, 1867.

SIR: I take this method of informing you, that I have had lithographed, and now offer for sale, a *fac-simile* of the earliest records of the Post-Office Department. It is the Ledger of 1776, containing 124 pages of flat-cap paper. Every word, figure, and mark, was written by Benjamin Franklin, the first Postmaster General of the United States; and the accounts were kept in pounds, shillings, and pence—each State having its own currency. This is a very old, singular, and valuable book, which was rescued from the flames by myself, when the Post-Office Building was burned in 1836.

Upon turning to the pages of this famous Ledger I found the first account recorded in it to be:

Dr. The General Post-Office of the United States of America, in account current with Peter Bayton, Cr. 1776. Nov. 18th. To Cash pd. Richard York as per Receipt, £13. [Opposite this was the following credit entry:] 1776. Nov. 18th. By Cash receiv'd from Richard Bache, Esqre., £50.

On the 27th day of October, just twenty-two days before this entry was made—of which 'every word, figure and mark was written by Benjamin Franklin,'—the illustrious first Postmaster General of the United States was embarking from a wharf in Philadelphia in the sloop-of-war *Reprisal*, for France, and never saw the shores of his native land again until the 13th of Sept., 1785. So far from this Ledger being wholly in the handwriting of Dr. Franklin, there is no reason whatever to suppose that he ever saw the book, while it is obviously impossible that he could have made an entry in it. It is only the Ledger kept by Richard Bache, who married Franklin's only daughter, and who succeeded him in the office of Postmaster General, which he held until 1782. The circular from which I have made the above quotation closes as follows:

The expense of this undertaking has been heavy, and the lowest price at which the copies can be sold, is ten dollars for

the Book and fifty cents for the Letter.* There are already a large number of subscribers, and as the number of copies is limited, it will be well to send in orders as early as possible. Address: W. W. Cox, Office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Post-Office Department, Washington, D. C.

To this circular is appended the following certificate:

We have examined the lithographic copy of the Ledger of Benjamin Franklin, above referred to. It is an exact copy of the original book on file in this office, which is one of the most interesting and valuable records of the government, which we would recommend as worthy of the attention of the public. W. Denison, P. M. General; Alexander W. Randall, 1st Assistant P. M. General; George W. McLellan, 2d Assistant P. M. General; Isaac N. Arnold, Auditor of the Treasury for the P. O. Dep't; A. N. Zevely, 3d Assistant P. M. General; C. F. McDonald, Superintendent Money-Order Office.

With these notes I send you the book that you may verify them. See whether you cannot say something to help the enterprising gentleman, or gentlemen, who have been carrying on this commerce in an imaginary autograph for nearly twenty years, to the kind of promotion to which they have justly entitled themselves from the incoming Administration.

ALBANY, February 22.

FARTHING CANDLE.

[Having verified the statements contained in the above communication, we herewith respectfully submit it to all whom it may concern, merely adding another extract from the circular already twice quoted from: 'The exact and admirably executed *fac-simile* which I offer for sale, will be an important addition to any library, whether public or private, and might with great propriety be exhibited in every Post-Office in the country!']

Reviews

Charles Kingsley *Redivivus*. †

WE never know what's in the air till it granulates in a snow-storm. We never know what's in an author till he is safely shelved among the immortalities, and the honey that was in him oozes, drop by drop, like the wine from sweet grapes, under the gentle compression of the posthumous press. Most people associate Charles Kingsley's name with 'Alton Locke,' or 'Hypatia,' with 'Andromeda' or 'The Water-Babies,' with a single poem, or novel, or book on urban geology. Few call up at one effort of synthetic or sympathetic memory the whole compound vision of the man—poet, Chartist, preacher, novelist, sermon-writer, geologist, fairy-tale teller, writer of toothsome travels—above all, indefatigable worker as the quiet rector of Eversley. His appetites and aptitudes seemed to range through the seven colors of the spectrum; his life was woven of many threads; his capabilities branched and bifurcated, often meandering into out-of-the-way quarters and enriching with their bright discoveries this or that thin and meagre line of literary workmanship. Thus, in his travels in the West Indies, he opened for us, with his magical style, his color, his knowledge, his enthusiasm, almost a new world, and one might say took up the thread of tradition that had slipped from the dead fingers of Humboldt, skilfully interweaving with his pages of personal incident and description ingenious scientific facts, new observations of nature, and new thoughts concerning them. Far from resembling Chilon the Lacedæmonian, who refused to strike a treaty with his Corinthian neighbors because he found them gambling, Charles Kingsley struck a treaty with everything and everybody, the disreputable no less than the reputable, extracting from each entertainment or instruction, an illustration for a sermon or a theme for a poem. He touched the ancient world with his constructive archæological wand, and 'Hypatia' was the almond-blossom falling from Aaron's rod. He read an old and faded myth from which every spark of color had fled, and the beautiful hexameters of 'Andromeda' streamed from his

pen. A voyage through the Caribbæan Islands stirred in him the sleeping genius of travel, and it awoke with that delightful 'At Last.' And, sinking himself once more into the nebulous world of antique myth, he emerged with his trawling-net full of 'Greek Fairy Tales for my Children'—strange draught of miraculous fishes, each, like the fish of Polycrates, with a jewel inside of it. And now, ruminating all these pleasant things, his publishers rejuvenate him in his poetic entirety in two volumes of the Eversley Edition. This is Kingsley *redivivus*, indeed, after a fashion which would have touched his heart. The clear uncut pages and careful press-work please no less than the simple binding and neat library form. There is something that touches us in these volumes still more; for a certain ballad found at the end of Vol II. bears as a sort of colophon the legend: 'Last poem written in illness—Colorado, U. S. A., June, 1874.'

"The Continuity of Christian Thought." *

APOLOGETIC lectures have come to have so stereotyped a form that we are surprised to find the common pattern is not necessary to their existence. Those who have read volumes of lectures delivered on foundations for the defence of Christianity need not look in the present work for anything like that to which they have been accustomed. Mr. Allen has adopted a fresh treatment of theology, and the subject is dealt with in so large and comprehensive and scholarly a manner as to create an equal surprise and satisfaction. The author shows a philosophic grasp of his subject which is unusual, and which, joined with the freshness of the subject itself, gives to his book a high merit. He attempts to interpret the great tendencies of Christian thought, and to show what influences have affected them. In his opening lecture he discusses the main characteristics of Greek theology, which were based on the doctrine of the immanence of God in nature and man, revelation through reason, and the incarnation as a universal fact. The second lecture deals with Latin theology, which teaches the remoteness of God from man, revelation as a supernatural process, and man as sunk in sin. The author then traces the influence of these two forms of theology through the Christian ages, and points out how and why they led to unlike systems of Church government. Gradually the Roman Church was built up on the idea of the remoteness of God from man, and on the efficacy of the sacraments as a supernatural means of reconciliation. The Greek theology was suppressed during the Middle Ages; but with the Renaissance it reappeared as a quickening and liberating influence. The author accepts it as the only true theology. He traces its influence on modern religious thought, and shows that it has now become the leading form of theology in Protestant countries. The whole tendency of modern thought is toward the acceptance of the organic unity of truth. This is the leading thought of the Greek theology, as it now appears under the name of Broad Church, or as the new orthodoxy, or marked by some other word of broad and liberal meaning. The author pursues the historic method, and thus clearly makes it appear what the new theology is, and what it aims to accomplish. He proves that it is the oldest form of Christianity, and that its spirit of broad and loving hope for mankind has never been lost from the beginning. He goes so far as to call the new theology the theological renaissance of the Nineteenth Century, and he makes it appear how much of it is due to a more thorough study of the origins of Christianity, and of the theology of its first two or three centuries. As a work in the philosophical interpretation of history, there has been nothing superior to it done in this country. It shows a mastery of the subject in all its relations that is admirable. More than all the other works yet published on the subject,

* A lithographed letter purporting to have been written by Franklin to Humphrey Marshall in 1771.

† The Saint's Tragedy, and Andromeda and Miscellaneous Poems. By Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. \$3.50. (Eversley Edition.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

* The Continuity of Christian Thought: A Study of Modern Theology in the Light of its History. By Alexander V. G. Allen. \$2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

it will serve to define what is the new movement in theology, and whither it tends. For the first time the subject has been dealt with in that thorough manner which shows a true comprehension of it in all its bearings. The six lectures contained in the volume were delivered on the John Bohnen foundation in Philadelphia, in 1883.

Some Recent Minor Poetry.*

SAMUEL WADDINGTON is perhaps best known to American readers as the editor of a double anthology, 'English Sonnets by Living Writers' and 'English Sonnets by Poets of the Past.' In the present volume (1) he comes forward as a sonneteer himself. The book opens with two score of sonnets, and these are followed by nearly as many lyrics, some of them in the other fixed poems of verse which have begun of late to contest the mastery with the sonnet. Although we may think but little of the chant-royal as a form, we must admit that Mr. Waddington succeeds in sustaining the dignity of his 'The New Epiphany' at a high level. And thinking very much more of the rondeau—a brilliant and sparkling form when handled with wit and ease and grace—we confess frankly our delight with his 'Coquette,' with its admirable refrain, 'This pirate bold.' But then 'The Coquette' is an old favorite of ours, and has its place in more than one collection. Among the other poems is a neat villanelle and a delightful little lyric, 'The Inn of Care,' which has not a little of the lilt and swing and singing simplicity of Longfellow and Heine. The sonnets are most of them grave and weighty; and they are, in the main, considerations upon the problems of life and mind. As might be expected in the biographer of Arthur Hugh Clough, Mr. Waddington feels the full burden of the *Zeit-Geist* and the *Welt-Schmerz*, and it is in these sonnets that he has sought relief.

Mrs. Rich's verse (2) has a pleasing quality, due rather to the reflected loveliness of the author's nature than to purely literary merits. She sings of home and children and flowers, and is content to repeat her song again and again, like a happy bird. Graceful and melodious her verse usually is, and brightened here and there by the gleam of a gentle fancy. But it is the sweet womanliness of the wife and mother, the tender heart and the sympathetic eye, that lend the real charm to her little volume.—A drama in blank verse on the subject of Dido and Æneas (3), published anonymously at St. Louis, is not apt to awaken pleasurable expectations in the reviewer's breast. But the most casual reader of 'Æneas' cannot fail to be impressed by a certain power which the author exhibits. It was a hazardous attempt to adopt the literary dialect of Shakspeare, but one that has proved successful upon the whole, although occasionally an expression like 'Forgive this egoism' or 'Through unofficial channels' appears in odd contrast with such obsolete phrases as 'portance,' 'grise,' 'sweet chuck,' etc. The plot lacks interest, and the characters are no more lifelike than those in 'Becket.' But the many fine and stirring passages which the poem contains justify us in expecting good work from the unknown author, whom certain indications lead us to regard as a self-taught man.

The 'Sonnets and Lyrics' of Dr. Whitney (4) are characterized by good taste and fine feeling, and are melodious if not strikingly original.—'The Wind and the Whirlwind' (5) is a philippic against England's Egyptian policy, and is not without a certain elevation of sentiment, whatever we may think of the rhetoric which would make of Arabi a hero and a martyr.—'Sheaves' is a collection of nearly a hundred poems by Harriet Maxwell Converse (6). They are

written in monotone, and are largely an elaboration of natural scenes or thoughts about nature, always quiet and refined, if seldom striking. In 'Luna di mi Alma' it is of course a compliment to Mr. Aldrich to imply that a pretty conceit of his is too well-known to need quotation-marks; but the adaptation from the original is not clear enough to show the need of changing the original.

'Up to the light' (7) is a volume of devotional poems, revealing much spiritual insight and a delicate delineation of feelings steeped in the coloring of the other world. The poems celebrate with more than passing fervor the doctrines of the Christian faith, the circle and seasons of the rounding year, and the 'life hid with Christ.'

"The King Country."*

'THE KING COUNTRY' is a name given to a mountainous region of the Northern Island of New Zealand, and derives itself from the fact that the territory is nominally subject to a native king. The intrusion of foreigners is forbidden, so that Mr. Kerry-Nicholls in making his explorations ran the risk—not perhaps of death, for England's arm is strong and far-reaching—but at any rate of robbery and maltreatment. He was fortunate enough, however, to escape unharmed, and his daring was amply rewarded. The region is a kind of volcanic Switzerland, and its physical features are in many respects unique. Its scenery is unsurpassed for grandeur and sublimity. Of Te Tarata (the White Terrace) the author says:

'As we looked upward the whole outline of the terrace assumed a semi-circular form, which spread out at its base in a graceful curve of many hundreds of feet, as it sloped gently down to the margin of the lake. Then broad, flat, rounded steps, of pure white silica, rose tier above tier, white and smooth as Parian marble, and above them terrace after terrace mounted upward, rounded and semi-circular in form, as if designed by the hand of man. All were formed out of a delicate tracery of silica which appeared like lacework congealed into alabaster of the purest hue. Each lamination or fold of this beautiful design was clearly and marvelously defined, and as the glittering warm water came rippling over them in a continuous flow, Te Tarata sparkled beneath the sun as if bedecked with diamonds. Crystal pools, shaped as if to resemble the form of shells and leaves, and filled to their brims with water, blue and shining as liquid turquoise, charmed the eye as we mounted, while around the edges the bright crystals of silica had formed incrustations which made them appear as if set in a margin of miniature pearls. From the rounded edges and sweeping curves of every successive terrace hung the wet, glittering silica, in the shape of sparkling stalactites, which, interlacing and mingling, formed a delicate and almost transparent fringe, resembling a fantastic network of icicles of exquisite beauty.'

At the summit lies a circular basin filled with transparent boiling water, surrounded by luxurious vegetation of every hue. The author, who has seen Yosemite and Niagara, Alps and Himalayas, gives the palm for beauty to the White Terrace of New Zealand. Maori superstition has tabooed the volcano of Tongariro, but Mr. Kerry-Nicholls evaded the vigilance of the natives and ascended the noble mountain, as well as its loftier rival, Ruapelur. Of lakes and glaciers, geysers and cataracts, the King Country has no lack, while its inhabitants are the bravest and least contaminated of the decaying Maori stock.

"How to Get On in the World."†

'HOW TO GET ON' is a lesson drawn, as stated on the title-page, from the life and writings of William Cobbett.

7. Up to the Light. By Sara Henderson Smith. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

* The King Country; or, Explorations in New Zealand. By J. H. Kerry-Nicholls. With Numerous Illustrations and a Map. \$4.50. New York: Scribner & Welford.

† How to Get On in the World. By Robert Waters. \$1. New York: R. Worthington.

* 1. Sonnets and Other Verse. By Samuel Waddington. New York: Scribner & Welford.

2. A Dream of the Adirondacks, and Other Poems. By Helen Hinsdale Rich. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

3. Æneas, a Drama. St. Louis: Charles Gilderhaus.

4. Sonnets and Lyrics. By James A. Whitney, LL.D. New York: N. Tibbals & Son.

5. The Wind and the Whirlwind. By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

6. Sheaves. By Harriet Maxwell Converse. 2d Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is interesting and brings the man vividly before us ; in no way disguising his faults and foibles and mistakes, yet giving on the whole a pleasanter impression of Cobbett than many have had before. We gain a clear idea of the Radical who, when told that there were but two ways for him to act—either to kiss or to kick—'instantly 'resolved to kick ;' yet we see him also as the gentlest of fathers, and a husband so thoughtful even of his wife's foolish fear of a thunderstorm, that he would leave everything to be with her when one was at hand, till his French friends used to say, when he made an appointment and promised to be punctual, 'Sauve le tonnerre, Monsieur Cobbett !' Cobbett's story is especially interesting as the life of an Englishman. In America the rise of a great man from 'the people' is never a surprise ; but in England it is especially striking to find a young prince laughing at the odd clothes of the gardener's boy who was sweeping the grass-plot, but living to see that gardener's boy the literary champion of his father's government in his lost dominions of America, and later the most formidable assailant of his father's and of his own government at home ; a man whom his ministers had to pursue with a relentless severity that culminated in two years' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand pounds, and who played a very important rôle in the domestic drama of royalty, besides writing a famous history of the scandalous regency and reign. Cobbett lived in stirring times, and the story of his life, as told in this new volume, is very entertaining, giving as it does a great deal of history and politics while showing us a man who was a most singular compound of courage and weakness, strength and gentleness. The author puts the most generous construction on his weakness, and bids us remember Cobbett's courage, his unwillingness to accept even courteous recognition of his great services which could in no way be interpreted as bribes ; and reminds us that if we sigh a little less at his promising to suppress his paper if given his liberty, than at his afterward denying that he had made such a promise, we must not forget an interpretation less severe than has sometimes been put upon it, and that Cobbett expiated his fault most bitterly. 'How to Get On' certainly supplies a want in giving a clear, vivid, generous, but unprejudiced, picture of a remarkable man, whose life was a remarkable career in troublous times.

"The Wearing of the Green."*

WHEN have we had a more delightful story than 'The Wearing of the Green' ? It opens as the typical charming Irish story, with the typical charming Irish girl even to her name of Norah ; and it holds us from the first page to the last with the genuine fascination of the wit and humor, the drollery and pathos, the winning warm-heartedness and contagious light-heartedness, of that pathetic and interesting people. The story is as entertaining as the management of its politics is clever ; and we don't know when we have seen more clever management of a political situation in fiction. Here is no tirade against England, waking at the same time with sympathy a half-feeling that after all it must be a servile race that submits to such indignities : the perfectly calm statement of situations, apparently from the English point of view, and with the tacit suggestion, 'You see, of course, how wise and generous England always is,' turns against England that most effective of all weapons—ridicule. She is made to appear not cruel, tyrannical, abusive ; but weak and absurd. Equally clever is the management of Irish wrongs. Pathos, indeed, there is in the book ; but it is never the pathos of heaping on the agony till the distressed reader, for all his sympathy, cannot help feeling that a good deal of it must be literary pathos ; it is pathos so wrapped in humor that you cannot doubt its truth. You are shown, not what terrible things the Irish have to suffer, but how patiently and brightly they endure their sufferings, so that there is room in your heart for

nothing but comprehension and sympathy. The chapter called 'A Fine Little Chap' is a classic of its kind ; the children in it remind one of that scene between Maggie and Tom Tulliver over the 'bit of tart with the jam run out,' though there is added the inimitable Irish humor, and a pathos of incident that is almost tragedy. Nothing could be more pathetic than the incidents, but nothing could be brighter-hearted than the recital of them. The author is no Fenian, but one who believes the Irish would be as law-abiding as the English, if, like the English, they had self-imposed laws to be loyal to. Certainly the story told to illustrate it leaves us with nothing but admiration and sympathy for the race that could breed little Mick Morony, rousing from his stupor when he hears it said that he has no shirt, to vindicate the family credit by exclaiming, 'Shure it's at the wash ! Would ye have a little boy have a thousand shirts ?'

"Some Heretics of Yesterday."*

DURING the winter of '83-4, Dr. S. E. Herrick, pastor of one of the Congregational churches in Boston, gave to his congregation a course of Sunday evening lectures on some of the great leaders of the Reformation. He followed out the suggestive thought that from Tauler to Wesley there has been a continuous series of advances in spiritual liberty and inward loyalty to God. In different generations and countries true men have arisen to carry forward the work of reform. At the suggestion of his hearers he has given his lectures to the public under the title of 'Some Heretics of Yesterday.' It is a title which is more or less misleading, as none of the men he writes about were heretics in the sense in which the word is now used ; and it does not cover the leading thought of the book. However, the lectures are eloquent and invigorating, well thought out and fresh in style. They have a compactness and unity few such lectures possess, while the main points in connection with the subject are grasped and presented in the most effective manner. When delivered from the pulpit they must have served an excellent purpose in awakening a new interest in the great principles of Protestantism, and in bringing the audience into sympathy with those who are the leaders of the religious life of to-day. They will serve the same good purposes now in their printed form, giving in the compass of a volume of moderate size a fair knowledge of the men and ideas that make Protestantism what it is. They have more of the merit of literature than most theological lectures, and in their present form they are rather a series of essays admirably written. The spirit pervading them is broad and generous. The author does not quarrel with his heretics, but has an excellent way of finding out what was best in them, and wherein they served the cause of religious truth.

Recent Fiction.

PESSIMISM is just now the fashion. We cry 'O tempora ! O mores !' forgetful that our very dissatisfaction is proof of a raising of the standard. Surely we have improved since the days of Adam and Eve. Then, indeed, the whole population of the world might be said to be liable to easy corruption, while in our day, though there may be more wrongdoers, there are certainly some people good to know and safe to rely upon. 'Ichabod,' by Bertha Thomas (Franklin Square Library), is therefore a timely and admirable story, giving as it does a portrait of a pessimist ; one who, as his name implies, feels that 'the glory has departed ;' that the world is a world of shams ; that friendship is a bore and love an impossibility ; that it is his duty to go about haranguing the upper and harassing the lower classes, only to discover as the result of his efforts the fortunate impossibility of anybody's making everybody miserable. Ichabod is in fact one of those who would describe himself as a friend from whom you will always hear the truth, however unpleas-

* The Wearing of the Green. By Basil. 30 cts. New York : Harper's Franklin Square Library.

* Some Heretics of Yesterday. By S. E. Herrick. \$1.50. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ant it may happen to be, but who is described by some one else as one from whom you will only hear the truth when it happens to be unpleasant. He is a clever fellow, who might have been a philosopher—if it hadn't been for his philosophy; and the effect upon himself and no-effect upon his fellow-men of his paralyzing creeds is made to point the moral of an ingenious and well-written story.

'THE WANE OF AN IDEAL'—translated by Clara Bell from the Italian of the Marchioness Colombi—(Gottberger) deals with the somewhat hackneyed situation of a poor young man who goes into the world to become rich enough to marry a certain lovely young woman, but who, returning to her after many years, finds her not to his taste at all. There is an interlude of intrigue with a countess, and the story as a whole is neither very wholesome nor very pleasing, though the simpler passages which have no direct bearing on the plot are sometimes sympathetic sketches of character or incident.—'DADDY DARWIN'S DOVECOT,' by Juliana Horatia Ewing, illustrated by Randolph Caldecott (Roberts), like 'Jackanapes,' which preceded it, is an unpretentious but quaint and pleasing little story; hardly more than a sketch, but containing pleasant little pictures of incident and character.

'TIE AND TRICK,' by Hawley Smart (Franklin Square Library), is one of the stories best described as 'capital.' Brigands come next to detectives and lovers in interest for the general reader; and here we have brigands, detectives and lovers, all involved in one entertaining tale. The art of bringing together in the brigands' camp an entire 'set' of people who had held all sorts of relations to each other before—the chief of the brigands himself having once been the guest of his victims in England,—is most ingenious, and not the least entertaining victim of the number is the family butler, who learned to appreciate the head-keeper's distrust of a 'furriner,' as a sportsman who usually brought home as his bag 'a fox, a boy, half a pheasant, and the fragments of a rabbit.'

'THE WHITE WITCH' (Franklin Square Library) is an interesting story with an admirably sustained and very original mystery; the best of it being the healthful moral at the close, that all the melodrama and mystery were entirely needless and very absurd. Nothing could be prettier than the little scene in which Godfrey is disarmed of his prejudice against step-mothers, and the cleverness with which the lady is gradually shrouded in suspicion is only equalled by the cleverness with which she is relieved from it, and proved to be merely a very foolish instead of a very wicked woman. It is impossible not to be piqued into curiosity about the mere plot, but there is much of more genuine worth in the excellent character-drawing of the story.

'IN THE EAST COUNTRY,' by Emma Marshall (Dutton's Home Reading for Girls), is a story of the time of Charles II. the central figure in it being the author of the 'Religio Medici'—Sir Thomas Browne, Kt. The story is interesting, and the old-time flavor well preserved.—'MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S OCTAVE' (same author and publisher) is a pleasant story of an English family of eight children. The 'note' is deeply religious, but without cant, and the story is as interesting as it is wholesome.

Minor Notices.

EMILY FAITHFULL'S 'Three Visits to America' (Fowler & Wells Co.) is a clear, concise and interesting narrative, written by a woman who can describe well what she sees and who sees the right things to describe. Never, on the one hand, rising to anything like 'fine writing,' it is, on the other hand, never commonplace or dull. Miss Faithfull gives a great

many good anecdotes, and occasionally shows great felicity in phrase; as when she says of the engineers who built the railway over the Marshall Pass that they seem 'to have lassoed the mountains.' Never did description describe better those iron loops and coils. Well known as a woman with a purpose, her purpose is never obtrusive here. That part of her book which relates to her object in life is kept by itself, and tells us of things in our own country which are as new and as interesting to us as to her. She does not see an oppressed woman, or a successful woman, everywhere she goes; she neither falls down and worships us, nor rises up to upbraid us, but is everywhere the calm observer and unprejudiced student. The secret of her success is less that she is interesting than that she is interested.—It could be wished that English people who visit us would feel less weighted with the obligation to mention by name everyone who invited them to dinner, with some gracious comment on his or her charm of countenance or ease of manner; but there is perhaps as little of the 'reception to me' in Miss Faithfull's 'Three Visits' as one could find in any English account of American hospitality; and her book as a whole is certainly a very pleasant one.

'ORNAMENTAL GARDENING,' by Elias A. Long, illustrated (Orange Judd Co.), is a remonstrance against the fact that 'a degree of poverty generally prevails in our ornamentation of home grounds, that would not be tolerated in the interior furnishings, or in the appearance of the house itself.' It is an interesting fact that the cut-flower trade in America exceeds anything of the kind in Europe—that of New York, for instance, exceeding by very large proportion that of London,—while there is comparative indifference to choice trees or shrubs and fine garden effects. Progress is being made certainly, as shown in the increased attention to public parks and gardens; but the author thinks there is room for improvement even in our parks. He is not sure, for instance, but that it would be wiser to have many small parks, or long boulevards, instead of one great park, as seems now to be our ambition. He gives practical directions as to what should be attended to each month in a garden, with lists of plants, shrubs and trees suitable for given situations; but his book is also interesting and suggestive to a general reader. He reminds us that a flower-garden for real beauty should be, not a garden of flowers, but a garden adorned with flowers, and suggests that the wonderful and gorgeous flower-beds of the Chicago parks are only so superb because they 'set off' a still greater expanse of simple green. The book can hardly fail to be a helpful and suggestive one for everybody; whether one wishes to plant a window-garden or lay out a landscape, or merely wishes to understand why one admires what other people have done beautifully.

THE 'Life of Sir Moses Montefiore,' by Lucien Wolf (Harper & Bros.), makes no pretensions to literary effect, but the barest recital of the facts of the aged philanthropist's career is in itself a panegyric. The reader passes from admiration of the hero of the book into a profound sympathy with the long-suffering race whose champion he was, and whose virtues under oppression have made obscurity illustrious, and humiliation a royal mantle.—IN THE SEVENTH number of his 'Philosophic Series,' Pres. James McCosh gives a 'Criticism of the Critical Philosophy' in which he considers the limitations, as well as the merits, of the work of Kant. He writes in the same vigorous and incisive manner as in the former issues of the series, and with as clear a comprehension of the drift of modern thought. He is doing an excellent work by thus subjecting the great philosophies to the free handling of his fearless pen.—'THROUGH THE DARKNESS' (Dutton) is a dainty little book of brief quotations compiled by Mary H. Seymour. The selections are from many sources—Thomas à Kempis, Fénelon, Kingsley, Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Pusey, Spurgeon, etc.

Recognition.

IN darkness of the visionary night
 This I beheld: Stark space and therein God,
 God who in dual nature doth abide—
 Love, and the Loved One, Power and Beauty's self.
 And forth from God did come, with dreadful thrill,
 Creation, boundless, to the eye unformed,
 And white with trembling fire and light intense,
 And outward pulsings like the boreal flame;
 One mighty cloud it seemed, nor star, nor earth,
 Or like some nameless growth of the under seas:
 Creation dumb, unconscious, yet alive
 With swift, concentric, never ceasing urge
 Resolving gradual to one disk of fire.
 And as I looked, behold the flying rim
 Grew separate from the centre, this again
 Divided, and the whole still swift revolved,
 Ring within ring and fiery wheel in wheel,
 Till, sudden or slow as chanced, the outmost edge
 Whirled into fragments, each a separate sun,
 With lesser globes attendant on its flight.
 These while I gazed turned dark with smouldering fire
 And, slow contracting, grew to solid orbs.
 Then knew I that this planetary world,
 Cradled in light and curtained with the dawn
 And starry eve, was born; though in itself
 Complete and perfect all, yet but a part
 And atom of the living universe.

II.

Unconscious still the child of the conscious God,—
 Creation, born of Beauty and of Love,
 Beauty the womb and mother of all worlds.
 But soon with silent speed the new-made earth
 Swept near me where I watched the birth of things,
 Its greating bulk eclipsing, star by star,
 Half the bright heavens. Then I beheld crawl forth
 Upon the earth's cool crust most wondrous forms
 Wherein were hid, in transmutation strange,
 Sparks of the ancient, never-ceasing fire;
 Shapes moved not solely by exterior law
 But having will and motion of their own,—
 First sluggish and minute, then by degrees
 Horrible, monstrous and enorm, without
 Intelligence. Then other forms more fine
 Streamed ceaseless on my sight, until at last
 Rising and turning its slow gaze about
 Across the abysmal void the mighty child
 Of the supreme, divine Omnipotence—
 Creation, born of God, by Him begot,
 Conscious in MAN, no longer blind and dumb,
 Beheld and knew its father and its God.

R. W. GILDER.

A Bibliography of American Travel.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A MOST useful reference book for editors, scientific men, and the literary world generally, is very little known and has long been out of print. I refer to 'America and Her Commentators, with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States,' by Henry T. Tuckerman, published by Charles Scribner, in 1864. This admirable book, though not intended by the author for a bibliography, is practically such, and gives what an enlarged bibliography cannot give—a description of the contents of many of the books mentioned, with a critical estimate of their merits. This criticism is done in a fair and liberal spirit, not in that sensitive vein too common at the period of American literature in which Mr. Tuckerman wrote. The works of English, French, and Italian writers are discussed. Under 'Northern European Writers,' some Germans and Swedes are commented on. I notice no mention of Russian works excepting that of Lake-

ren, 1859 (p. 293), and Gurowski, a Pole, an *employé* of Russia. The excellent book of M. Poletica, published anonymously in 1826, does not appear; nor does that of M. de Swinine (1818), which is perhaps too inferior to be noticed. I doubt if Tuckerman ever saw a copy of this rarity. The name of Admiral John de Krusenstern, another Russian, who visited New York and Philadelphia in 1793, is also absent. Frederick Pursh, the eminent Russian botanist, author of an American Flora (1819) left a journal which was about to be published from the manuscript in 1868. These, and the works of other Russian travellers, should be included in a future edition. Pages 371 to 437 are taken up with American Travellers and Writers. A more complete index would be a valuable addition to this book. Some day, when a thorough bibliography of travellers in America is published, Tuckerman's work will be a useful companion volume. It is now the only bibliography of the subject known to the writer.

CAMDEN, N. J., 16 Feb.

WILLIAM JOHN POTTS.

The Lounger

IT seems that no money has been made at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, after all. At first we heard that the guarantee fund was not being drawn upon, and that the opera had paid its own expenses. But now that the day of reckoning has come, it is found that there is a deficiency of \$45,000. Italian opera could not have shown a much worse record than this. The question now arises, Can any opera be made to pay in New York? The probable answer to this inquiry is, that opera conducted on the principle of general excellence, and not on the star system, may be made remunerative by proper management. The management of the Metropolitan claimed that they had abolished the star system, while at the same time they paid Mme. Materna \$12,000 a month. If this was not a star price, they must have paid the other soloists in proportion, in which case a loss of \$45,000 is less surprising than a loss of \$450,000 would have been.

WHILE New York pays these extravagant prices—while it was paying Patti several thousand dollars a night—the managers of the Grand Opera in Paris were giving Mme. Krauss \$3,000 a month, M. Lassalle \$2700, and the other six of their eight principal artists from \$1600 to \$880 each—a total for the eight of \$13,280. This is only \$1280 a month more than Mme. Materna alone has received. And yet *Figaro* finds even this rate extravagant, and does not wonder at the disasters which befell the management.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE'S barber is just dead. He was a younger man than Joseph, who was a year older than Napoleon and would now be 117. As it was, the quiet little Frenchman was only seventy-nine. He came from Paris in 1816, and in 1827 was taken into the household of the exiled king at Bordentown, N. J., in which village he had lived ever since. When Belle-mère took service with the so-called Comte de Survilliers, smooth faces were the fashion; and as his employer kept open house—entertaining amongst others La Fayette, Webster, Clay, John Quincy Adams, General Scott, Commodores Stewart and Stockton, and almost every eminent foreigner who visited America in his day,—the post of barber at Point Breeze was not an honorary one. Whether for this reason or a better one, Belle-mère resigned it shortly before Joseph returned to the Old World, and opened a toy and candy shop, in front of which he has taken a siesta in a comfortable chair every clement day for many years past, habited in a gray coat, and with a cloth cap pulled down over his eyes. In face he looked like no one so much as the late George L. Fox as Humpty Dumpty. He was a good old soul, and will be missed by the elder generation of Bordentonsians as well as by the children.

IN the same paper in which I read of Philip Belle-mère's death—and from which I learned that 'of late the unwelcome messenger has been unusually busy in this section'—I came upon the following advertisement, which I must leave the reader to interpret for himself:

ATTENTION,
 BONAPARTES!

The undersigned is a member of the family of Bonapartes. Having been stolen from his parents when but an infant, he has never

known any of his relations. He hereby informs all relations that if they choose to find him they can easily do so; but he specially cautions them NOT TO EXPOSE THEMSELVES. The fiends are on the lookout for them. He cautions all against impostors. Masks have been made which are exact copies of the face of the undersigned. His habits, manners, handwriting, and even his voice, have been so skilfully imitated that it has become an easy matter to personate him. BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.

Any American ladies and gentlemen who are disposed to come to the assistance of the undersigned, are cordially invited to call. For further particulars please apply to the *Register Office*.

C. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

P. S.—French, Italian and American papers please copy.

AN interesting letter reached me from Philadelphia ten days ago. It was accompanied by a twenty-shilling note of Continental money. 'This note,' says the friend who sent it, 'has a history. When the bank of which my host is a director was about to erect a new building at the corner of Seventh and Market Streets, it necessitated the tearing down of the house where Jefferson signed the Declaration of Independence. As an old letter of Jefferson's indicated the room in which the deed was done, and the very spot where his desk stood, Mr. ——— determined to take out one of the rafters directly back of this spot, and have some canes made of it. On displacing the mortar for this purpose, what was his surprise to find, in a recess which had been walled up, a great heap of Continental money and old Revolutionary gun-flints, which Jefferson had evidently hidden away for safe-keeping. The enclosed twenty shilling note is one of these trophies.'

IT IS a curious little scrap of heavy paper, about 4x2½ inches in size, and printed in red and black. The signature—J. Davidson—and the number of the bill, being written in ink, are so faded as to be barely decipherable. The inscription on the face of the note shows a pleasing variety of type. It runs as follows: 'THIS Bill shall pass current for *Twenty Shillings*, according to an ACT of GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Commonwealth of *Pennsylvania*, passed the Twentieth Day of *March*, in the Year *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-seven*. Dated the Tenth Day of *April*, A.D., 1777.' On the back is the affrighting legend '*To Counterfeit is Death!*' But there is little danger of the bill being counterfeited now.

AS I do not like to seem hypercritical, a word more in regard to the name of Lapham may be pardoned. As the original paragraph intimated, it was possible that Savage's Dictionary—which at that moment was not at hand—might correct the conjecture that Lapham was not a New England name; and, on consulting Savage, I find that to be the fact. There were Laphams in New England in the Seventeenth Century, as a correspondent reminds me, and two out of the three were named John. But it does not follow, therefore, that the name is not Irish, as Langton and Larkin, immediately preceding and immediately following Lapham in Savage's Dictionary, certainly are. I happen to know personally both of Langtons and Larkins born in Ireland; as I also know that John Lapham is the name on a shop-sign in Washington Street, at the South End, in Boston, whose owner is a native-born Irishman. Savage's John Laphams, who were not among the earlier settlers, may have easily been Irishmen and not Puritans. The point of my little paragraph then, if it had any, remains unblunted—that Mr. Howells's selection of a name for so purely an outgrowth of Puritanic New England as Silas Lapham was not happy.

Max O'Rell Wants Fair Play.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It has been my sad lot to see no fewer than four execrable American translations of my last book, '*Les Filles de John Bull*,'—translations that a third-form boy would be ashamed of.

I do not wish to say anything on the subject of the laws of copyright as they exist at present; but, in the name of fair play, I must protest against such execrable travesties of my book being sold as translations.

To find that no royalty was due to me for American copies was bad enough; but to be robbed of the little reputation for lightness of style to which the originals owed a great part of their success in France is really a little more than was deserved by Your Obedient Servant,

LONDON, 11 Feb., 1885.

MAX O'RELL.

French Reprisals.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

A French lady, Henri Gréville, writes to me from Paris under date of January 22d: '*Mon ancien et cher camarade: The Studio* reaches me regularly, giving me news from the other side of the ocean and tidings of yourself. You are very kind to remember me after so many years. . . . As for me, I do a great deal of work, and always to the best of my power. I impatiently await the day when there shall be a treaty with the United States that will accord me my rights. I know I have put two or three million francs into the pockets of American publishers, and yet I have never received a sou from them. I know that a popular edition of "*Sonia*," at ten cents, sold to the extent of 500,000 copies; and I should be very glad to get some share of the profits from the sale of my own works.'

You will easily see that the growing movement in France, which has for its object a system of retaliation upon the United States, is explained by the want of an equitable reciprocity in the exchanges of the two sister Republics. While you Americans can inundate France with your products of all kinds, without having to pay excessive taxes, the French, on the contrary, find at your borders a barrier which renders the importation of their products almost impossible. Whether it be a bottle of wine, a silk dress, a picture, a book, or a statue, the import duty is always excessive. Add to this the constant robbery of their literary rights, and the persistently unjust criticism of their political men and measures by your press, and you will not be surprised at seeing a disposition in France to 'do the same by you.'

It is very likely that the first sufferers will be the American artists, who have hitherto been treated in the French schools and at the French exhibitions with the same consideration that is shown to native students. It is natural enough that the spirit of reprisal should first manifest itself in this direction; for your artists, as soon as they have learned in Paris to produce a salable painting or piece of statuary, can send it to the United States without having to pay duty upon it, while the work of their French fellow-students, and even of the instructors who have given their time and experience to the task of teaching them, are taxed 30 per cent. of their value in your custom-houses.

It is this flagrant injustice that causes the French to single out the American artist as their first martyrs; and in chasing them from their schools and galleries, they simply make them expiate the faults of their mediæval government. Be assured that the movement will not stop here, but that after the artists have been made to suffer, other victims will be found; and that the other Latin countries will follow the example set by France. So it will not be surprising to see a sort of 'continental blockade' instituted against the United States.

Political egotism is an excellent thing—so long as it pays; but when the magic wire snaps, everything goes to pieces, and—farewell prosperity! You may see a striking illustration of this truth in the present isolation of Great Britain, who is always so much occupied with her own affairs that other people end by thinking it just as well to let her get out of her scrapes as best she can.

I write you these lines thinking that you may perhaps aid in overcoming this inertia of the public—an inertia peculiar to the Americans in every matter that does not directly touch their own pockets,—and that you may make your fellow-countrymen understand that they will probably find it to their interest, in the long run, to be more honest in the matter of international copyright, and more liberal in their custom-house duties.

America has been the spoiled child of Europe; but, thanks to steam and electricity, the country *à la mode* is coming to be seen in her true light, and the brave men who have lost their fortunes in American railway enterprises be-

gin to think that the spoiled child has now reached the age of discretion, and that one can deal with her without feeling constantly obliged to give her sugar-plums.

NEW YORK, March 2. GASTON L. FEUARDENT.

A Week with George Eliot.

[From *Temple Bar*.]

CHRISTMAS week of 1870 will not be easily forgotten even without any recollection of George Eliot to stamp it on the memory. The weather was unusually rude, the mild health-resorts of southern England were visited by severe frost and heavy falls of snow, and whilst delighted schoolboys revelled in the prospect of unlimited skating, and the benevolent ministered to the needs of the poor, all friends of France were stricken with grief at the calamities that had overtaken her. It was about this time that took place those terrible scenes outside Paris in which Henri Regnault, the brilliant young artist,—and how many other brave fellows—perished after indescribable sufferings and heroism. With so fearful a struggle going on between two civilized nations, both our neighbors, Christmas could hardly wear its customary aspect of festivity. Families and friends, however, met together, and it fell to the present writer's good fortune to form one of a party of four in a pleasant country house in the Isle of Wight, the two other guests being George Eliot and George Henry Lewes.

It was not my first acquaintance with this rare pair, but to be formally presented one to another in a London drawing-room, and to spend a week together under the same roof, was quite a different thing. As a matter of course, acquaintance tends under such circumstances to ripen into friendship. Such a quartette, moreover, would hardly be made up unless there were pretty good reasons to suppose that the members of it would prove sympathetic. To my great regret, I gave up living in London two years later, and therefore saw little of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes from that time, but the memory of the Christmas week spent with them in the south of England will remain ever fresh and ever precious to me. Hospitable as were the biographer of Goethe and the author of 'Adam Bede' in their London home, the largest acquaintance naturally bears a slight proportion only to the world of outsiders; for the benefit of these, therefore I say a word or two about their appearance, and the general impression they produced on a stranger.

What a contrast the pair presented! He, *pétillant d'esprit*, as the French say, as brimful of life, geniality, and animation, as it was possible for any human being often oppressed with bodily ailments to be, ever able to shake off these for the sake of lively, engrossing talk, ever on the alert to discover intellectual qualities in others; she, grave, pensive, thoughtful, not disinclined for sportiveness and wit certainly, as ready as he to bring out the best in those around her, but equally devoid of his habitual gayety and lightheartedness, as was he of her own earnest mood. There was something irresistibly winning and attractive about Mr. Lewes. The heart warmed to him at once, he was so kindly, so ready to offer help or counsel, so pleased to be of use. George Eliot's large-hearted, deep-souled benevolence took in all human kind, but could not so easily individualise. That commanding spirit, that loyal, much-tried nature, could not be expected to testify the same catholicity in personal likings as a man, who, despite his rare intellectual endowments and devotion to especial fields of learning, yet remained a man of the world.

Charles Lamb speaks somewhere of a woman's 'divine plain face,' and perhaps the same criticism might be passed on George Eliot. The plainness vanished as soon as she smiled, and the tone of the voice was singularly sympathetic and harmonious. As to Mr. Lewes's looks or personal appearance, one never thought of the matter at all. Small, spare, sallow, much bearded, with brilliant eyes, he could neither be called handsome nor ugly. Delightful he ever was, kindness itself, always on the look-out to serve and to amuse. For he knew—none better—the value of a smile.

As an instance of his extreme kindness to young authors, I will mention the following incident. I happened to say that I was going in the spring to Germany to stay there some months. Quick as lightning he said, 'Then I will introduce you by letter to my friend, Baron Tauchnitz. He will publish your stories in his series. And you shall have letters to other German friends of ours as well.' He sat down straightway and wrote off some charming letters of introduction which brought me a warm welcome at Leipzig and in other places. What a pity it is not the fashion to return such missives! Those letters signed G. H. Lewes would be precious souvenirs now.

With George Eliot acquaintance ripened slower into friendship. In spite of her warm human sympathies and the keenness of her desire to enter into the feelings of others, her manner at first awed, perhaps even repelled. It was so much more difficult for her than for Mr. Lewes to quit her own world of thought and speculation, and enter into that of the common joys and sorrows and aspirations of humanity. Yet few delighted more in gathering her friends together. 'From my good father I learned the pleasure of being hospitable,' she once said to me with a glow of feeling. 'He rejoiced ever to receive his friends, and to my eyes now the pleasure wears the shape of a duty.'

I am not sure as to the precise words she used, but this was the sentiment. Whilst none more readily recognized this side of social duty, none more heartily commiserated the sufferings inflicted by the idle upon the busy, by those devastators of the day anathematised by the American poet—the idlers, valetudinarians, or it may be bores, who, having nothing wherewith to occupy their own time, contrive to while away the empty hours by taking up that of the busy. Yet George Eliot could pity even a bore, so true it is, as Goethe says, to the really great mind hardly anything is ridiculous.

We were talking one day of the havoc thus wrought upon the hours of busy people, more especially at seaside resorts, where the greater number have really no occupation at all, or are in too poor health to undertake anything serious, yet cannot live without a certain amount of social intercourse, that is to say, so much conversation or chit-chat every day out of the seven. George Eliot said, with one of her quiet smiles, 'Why should not those in quest of a charitable mission constitute themselves into an Order, whose duty it should be to distract invalids and others by a little bright conversation?'

Certainly if there was such a Sisterhood or such a Brotherhood, and the members were intelligent, capable people, they would confer an inestimable boon upon their fellows. There should be one Order of Talkers, one of Listeners, for necessary as is to some the sound of another's voice, it is still more necessary to most to hear their own. The fraternity therefore so wittily suggested by the great novelist, would fulfil a two-fold mission. Busy brainworkers might not only be rescued from their 'devastators of the day,' but also from the *ennui* induced by hearing the same thing over and over again, or tirades about nothing at all. The subject is one to be worked out at leisure. The give-and-take of social intercourse was not difficult to George Eliot, although she could never descend to small-talk. For instance, during these winter evenings she would sit down to the piano and play Beethoven's sonatas to us without effort and evidently with great enjoyment. Both loved music passionately. Almost the first question Mr. Lewes asked me on my return from Germany the following year was: 'The dear little Opera-house at Weimar, what did you hear there?' And soon after came another query: 'Liszt, dear fellow! did you hear him play?'

One bright day we all made an excursion to Shanklin Chine. I well remember an incident that occurred at the railway-station. I had chanced to find there a fellow-novelist, and as we chatted in the waiting-room till our train came up, my companion talked of George Eliot, little dreaming that the lady in mourning pacing up and down the platform was the author of 'Adam Bede.' I was bound to preserve her incognita.

Many a long country walk with Mr. Lewes fell to my share, and, in spite of the bitter weather which tried him much, delightful they were. He talked all the time and for the most part of her, showing that self-effacement and freedom from anything like assumption of superiority, only found in really great minds. He dwelt upon her tremendous intellectual capacities, which ever seemed rather in quest of difficulties and problems than baffled or checked by them. Facility of acquirement was here no less astonishing than compass of understanding. He cited her knowledge of the Spanish language as an instance of the former gift: having in view a special object, she had set herself to learn it, and the task had been accomplished in a few weeks.

Scholarly women have existed in plenty before Girton students were heard of, and George Eliot was one. Her knowledge of the literature of ancient Greece and Rome was considerable, and besides possessing these languages, she was familiar with Hebrew, Spanish, German, Italian, and of course French, although she could not express herself in modern tongues with the fluency of Mr. Lewes. His French and German were as good as those of any Englishman or foreigner can be. Perhaps a knowledge of many languages requires aptitude and application rather than mental qualities of a higher order. I once knew an exceedingly industrious person who had spent five round years on German soil, for the purpose of acquiring the language. At the end of the period, the presumably Herculean task was satisfactorily

accomplished, but the question arises in the mind, Was it worth while? The knowledge of a language indeed avails little unless we are in a position to turn our acquirement to account, to unlock the casket of which we hold the key. Without leisure to read Cervantes and Calderon, why be at pains to study Spanish?

Such intellectual exercises were mere sport and pastime to George Eliot, who had brought with her among other books as holiday reading, Wolf's 'Prolegomena,' and alluded to it just as any one else would allude to the last new novel. Not that she never read novels. 'I hope we may embrace each other on the ground of a common fondness for Walter Scott,' she said to me; and Miss Austen was almost an equal favorite with both. I have alluded to musical evenings, but for the most part the social after-dinner hours were spent in talk and in reading. George Eliot would read aloud something interesting, and then the subject would be discussed. She read to us one of Waterton's quaint essays with no little enjoyment.

The best that is in a book was ever discovered by these two critics, instead of the faults being held up to scorn only and the merits altogether slurred over, as is the fashion in these days. Of German literature a good deal was said, and certainly if anything could recall such searching, single-minded criticism as that of the great Lessing, or such wise, earnest, suggestive talk as that of the greater Goethe, it was these after-dinner conversations of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes. Literature, science, art, human affairs, were discussed in turn, and ever from a serious, subtle point of view. Not that there was no relief to such mental strain. Mr. Lewes was an inimitable storyteller and would tell us wonderful stories, and both were admirable listeners. A good story delighted them. A jest, too, was quite in Mr. Lewes's way. 'A merry Christmas and a marrying New Year, Ann,' was his Christmas-greeting to the highly sedate, middle-aged parlor-maid, whom he had known for years.

Concerning her own work, the topic on which he was ever so eloquent, I never once heard the great novelist so much as open her lips, yet she was ever ready to discuss literature from a writer's point of view, and to advise and inspirit young authors who were in earnest, and who had given evidence of real literary faculty. The conversation once turned upon the relation of an author with the public, and the gauge of his work as he may measure it for himself or others for him. 'There is the money test,' she said, 'but above all, the test of sincerity.' Then she went on to say that by sincerity the permanent value of a work must be judged, alike by outsiders and by writers themselves, if they would honestly ascertain how they stand with the public. Wise words, yet suggestive of melancholy thought! Were everyone of the legion of writers to apply this last test to himself or herself, how many would pass such an ordeal unscathed!

In our age of hasty production and reckless catering to an insatiable public, sincerity is perhaps the last qualification necessary for what is called literary success. The literary article needed for the market must be showy, easy to understand, dashing, clever; sincerity of purpose can hardly be taken into account by writers who turn out half-a-dozen three-volume novels in a year. Yet George Eliot's words hold good, applied to literature pure and simple; and the books that are written not for money or reputation, but because the author has something to say, will bear this test of sincerity. A writer, however, who abides by it, must make up his mind to live without regard to getting on in the world, as the phrase goes; that is to say, must be ready to sacrifice worldly advantages and live for his work, not let his work exist for his material needs. Never was a time when artists and authors who have faith in themselves stood in such need of self-control and self-denial, for never were habits of living so luxurious and luxury so contagious.

I am sorry that I made no memoranda of these conversations at the time, but it never occurred to me that in a few years later both George Eliot and George Henry Lewes would have passed away, and the notion of 'interviewing' distinguished people was ever repulsive to me. But it seems unfair now to keep to myself so pleasant a remembrance of these great writers, whose names perhaps have not always been treated with that courtesy and reticence in the matter of criticism they were ever ready to show to others. It is pleasant, too, to record their love of the good and the beautiful in the least little thing—George Eliot's rapture at the sight of an exquisite flower, Mr. Lewes's delight in a bright happy child; also the keenness of their sympathy with common joys and sorrows, and the unbounded kindness and pitifulness of their nature. How well I remember the expression of pain that came into George Eliot's face, when she fancied—it was fancy only—that she had hurt me. I was suffering from an ab-

cess in the thumb. In the cordial handshake on Christmas morning she forgot the fact. 'Ah!' she said, 'the poor thumb! I am sure I have hurt it, I always do these careless things!'

Warm as were naturally their sympathies with Germany, no one could feel more acutely for the French nation during their terrible struggle. 'Let us weep together over poor France,' she wrote at this time, and the expression was no mere hollow form. Such calamities saddened her and weighed upon her spirits like a personal grief.

Goethe once said of his fellow-poet, 'Schiller is always great,' and the same remark might be applied to George Eliot. She could be genial, sympathetic, affectionate, she remained ever great. Littleness, self-seeking, commonness, much less vulgarity, were as foreign to her nature as self-assertion, intolerance, and uncharitableness. When, indeed, I look around me and witness the arrogance and incompetence displayed by young men and women in these days, the audacity and want of principle displayed in criticism, the assumption of superiority and rashness of judgments shown by those who set themselves the task of appraising others, I look back with thankfulness upon this intercourse with George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, and regard it as a great lesson. Opinions may differ as to the achievements of these two great writers now passed away. None can deny to the one a commanding spirit and a great intellect, to the other a brilliance and versatility of intellectual endowments vouchsafed to few; whilst all who knew them in daily life can bear witness to their reverence for the truth, their love of humanity, their ardent, unswerving devotion to the high work they had to do. Their rule of life might be expressed by Goethe's well-known lines, so beautifully translated by Professor Blackie:

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste,
And without rest.
Let each man wheel with steady sway,
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best!

A Chat About Books.

MR. QUARITCH is by no means an easy man to get at, unless you wish to see him on business—that is, unless you are a buyer or seller. Then he is all alacrity. Our representative was only anxious to have a chat with the veteran who had just given £3900 for the Mazarin Bible. Mr. Quaritch was in his sanctum, a small, dark room, almost filled with the table, a few chairs, and two or three bookcases, containing several thousand pounds' worth of rare volumes, protected from the dust by glass doors. He points to two or three portraits of himself which hang from the walls, and is especially proud of one showing him arrayed in the flowing robes of the order, towering over a group of friends—the learned society of 'Odd Volumes.' Mr. Quaritch discoursed in a pessimistic strain of the decadence of the genuine buyer and collector, 'a sign of the materialistic age we live in.' Book buying and book collecting in its proper sense has gradually declined since 1830, when there came a new departure and a new school. It was before that time that the great libraries were formed. 'At the Hamilton sale I spent £40,000, and at the Sunderland sale £33,000; and most of my purchases are now in the house here. I have known well most of the collectors of my time; three Dukes of Hamilton, for instance; and there you see the portrait of one of my best customers—the late Earl of Crawford, whose body was stolen. But, as I have said, the fashion has changed nowadays. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, and for the engravings of Cruikshank and Phiz. Then sporting literature is greatly in demand. Another very good customer is the country gentleman who generally aspires to have in his library the best books on his county history. But I cannot enumerate the demands and crazes. Show me a man's library, and I will tell you his character and his attainments.' But it is about the marketable value of the books that Mr. Quaritch concerns himself; for despite all his learning he describes himself as being as much a commercial man as the stockbroker or the merchant, and appraises the value of a library just as a tea-taster would a sample of tea. He began business in Castle Street some forty years ago—never mind how old he is now. It is sufficient to say that he is shrewd and active as ever, and, like Professor Jowett, 'what he knows not, is not knowledge.' No one having talked five minutes to the Bismarck of the book trade could fail to see that he had to do with a keen trader, up to every move on the board, and to every trick of the trade. His hunting grounds are all over the face of the earth; he gathers his harvest from

the five continents, and stores it up in Piccadilly. All books are fish that come to the net of Mr. Quaritch; the minnow and the whale alike, pence or pounds, scores or thousands, it matters not which.

'Now will you come with me, and I will show you a few of the rooms here.' And as we went my guide pointed with pride to this case and that, to this pile and that. Here was a bundle of Eastern manuscripts worth thousands, there a case full of Mexican manuscripts written at the time of the Conquest; here was the 'pigsty,' as he calls one of the rooms full of musty tomes and books as yet uncatalogued. Mr. Quaritch proceeded to expatiate upon his morocco bindings, his Russian leather, his rare editions, his illuminated missals, his black letters, his manuscripts, his breviaries and psalters, and all the mass of sumptuous and valuable volumes. He declares that he sells everything, and never refuses an order. Each of these rooms contains priceless treasures, the value of which is known only to the great man himself, for he marks the price of each book. It is impossible to deceive Mr. Quaritch by any flimsy pretence to book-learning. 'If I hear any one talking about Elzevirs and Aldines, I know he is an ignorant ass.' Mr. Quaritch speaks plainly, and this outburst was, I must confess, apropos of an unfortunate remark of my own concerning Elzevirs. 'Elzevirs and Aldines, indeed! A pack of ignoramuses!'

Each one of those overflowing rooms is a model of neatness. There is a place for every volume and every volume is in its place. Here was a young fellow bending over a desk, busy preparing a catalogue, a task requiring infinite care and patience. 'What do you keep on the floor?' asked my guide of him, stopping to pick up a sheet of paper which should have been on the desk. Mr. Quaritch is a careful man. 'I suppose you like the excitement of a great sale?' 'No, sir; there is nothing I abominate so heartily as the dreary hours I have to sit in those dreary auction rooms. Once or twice one gets excited, and one's blood is up like the blood of a gambler; but how often? No. I am happiest here.' I asked Mr. Quaritch to give me a sketch of his career, and endeavored in vain to draw him out. But he is a wise and prudent man. 'I care to offend no man.' 'But surely you can afford to snap your fingers at anybody?' 'Sir, you are quite wrong. I want everybody, no matter how insignificant, and although I may hate him to desperation. For instance, suppose you are a very good customer of mine, and ask me for an eighteenpenny book which will bring me no profit, but which I get for the sake of your larger custom. I look through the trade catalogues for it, but a hundred to one it is not there. It is then included in my list of "books wanted." Do you think a book-seller would trouble to inform me about an eighteenpenny book unless I was on good terms with him? No. That is why I like to be friendly with everybody. Now you must excuse me. I am a busy man. I bought a library this morning; the man had been a student, not a collector. It has just come in; I must go and examine it.'

'One moment, Mr. Quaritch; will you explain this mystery to me?' I said, taking a cracked and crumpled snip of paper from my letter case. It was an advertisement from the *Agony Column* of *The Times*, a few weeks old.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.—Trieste.—A large number of CIRCULARS has been issued from England, without stamps and with imperfect addresses, to CAPTAIN BURTON's great REGRET. As soon as he learns the facts full explanations will be sent to the papers.

'The "Arabian Nights"!' says some one as he pricks up his ears, 'why, surely there is nothing extraordinary in the publication of another edition of such a well-known book.' But the 'Arabian Nights,' as most of us know their history from Lane's edition or by bantlings from the same stock, is but a shadow of a book. The real Simon Pure is generally kept under lock and key, and with good reason. A year or two ago the Villon Society issued a translation *verbatim et literatim* of the 'Arabian Nights,' the edition consisting of 500 copies and the price being 9 guineas. Some wise persons bought for the rise, and they have been rewarded. The value of each copy a month ago varied from 20 to 25 guineas. But a few months since Captain Burton announced that he was busy with a translation of the same work, which will be sold only at the British Consulate at Trieste. About a third of Captain Burton's translation is completed, and in a year or so the work, consisting of a thousand copies, may be ready for publication. 'There are,' said Mr. Quaritch, 'three uncastrated editions in Arabic—the Bulak, the Calcutta, and the Breslau. Lane's is from the Bulak, Burton's from the Calcutta edition. I may add,' he remarked, 'that the Villon Society modestly used a Latin word here and there. Burton, like a bold soldier, will call a spade a spade.'

The Temple of Bosh.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

To the Temple of Bosh in a vision
Was I led, in a vaporous land.
Common sense is a butt and derision,
Where the altars of Fantasy stand;
There the Theories dwell that have faded,
And the notions that never would wash;
They abide, unimpeached, uninvaded,
In the Temple of Bosh!

There the wheels of Perpetual Motion
Make a musical whirr in the air,
The Philosophers there have a notion
That the Circle is easy to Square;
There the Flatt'ners of Earth are defiant,
And the Tribes that were lost, they are found:
And the Arkite ideas of Bryant
Do greatly abound!

The believers in Home and in Slade 'll
Be welcomed as children of grace,
And there's the original Cradle
That rocked all the Aryan Race.
And hypotheses, Lunar and Solar,
Of Myth, go about and about;
And nobody deems that the whole are
A matter of doubt!

There the Spelling is purely Phonetic,
Vaccination's entirely forbid,
And the light of the Remnant æsthetic
No more 'neath a bushel is hid.
As 'no remedy' Force is suspended,
Human life is not worth a galosh—
Let us end, lest our days should be ended
In the Temple of Bosh!

Modesty.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY WORLD:

If all good editors but had the head
That blesses you;
Then many of my poems would be read,
Instead of few.

Some poets—pardon the hyperbole!—
Could soon supply
An ocean—yes, the *Atlantic*, possibly
Should that run dry!

Lacking such volume—if a good-sized cup
Were held to fill,
Not only could I fairly brim it up,
But overspill!

The trouble is, to find a place to hold
True genius-drops;
Though literature has vessels manifold
For holding slops!

I am content, however; time is just,
Though men may sleep.
What I distil will never gather must;
My wine will keep!

January 27, 1885.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

Current Criticism.

THINKING STRAIGHT AND SEEING CLEAR:—Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'A Word More about America' is also in essence political. He is inclined to think better of Americans than heretofore, for he says their institutions suit them, and, being at ease, 'they see straight.' The institutions of Englishmen do not quite suit them, and they do not see straight. If they did, they would work their departments through plebeians instead of aristocrats, would divide Great Britain and Ireland into provinces doing their local work as the American States do, and would make of the representatives of Provinces a strong Second Chamber. In fact, he would federalize England, though leaving, perhaps, to the central body more power than it exercises in America. We will not ask Mr. Arnold why he thinks that he alone sees straight, for that is an error which in some degree pertains to every man

* The title is ours.

among us. We all could govern the Empire if we were only let. But we may ask him why he thinks his plan would content Ireland, or how far it would create that 'Ireland' with a separate if not independent life, history, flag, and place in the world for which the Irish majority are yearning. Of course, Mr. Arnold's paper is full of bright sentences, humorous illustrations, and little gems of criticism—like the cut, as of diamond on glass, which he administers to Sir Lepel Griffin; but his plan seems to us too literary, too far apart from the traditions, as well as the aspirations, of the people. Of all systems of government, the one they understand least is the Federal, which requires in the States or Provinces a degree of tolerance of each other's mistakes and experiments very alien to the British mind, the essence of which is that there is a right way—the British way—and there is no other.—*The Spectator*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S BLESSING:—Mr. Arnold was generally thought to be setting out to curse the Americans last year; and lo! in the current number of *The Nineteenth Century* he blesses them altogether. It is true that the blessing is chiefly effected indirectly by vigorous cursing of his own country; but that is nearly the same thing. If Philistia (for, with a surface inconsistency which we cannot think quite worthy of him, Mr. Arnold still calls America Philistia) is not glad of Mr. Matthew Arnold, why then Philistia is a very uncivil person. . . . Then Mr. Arnold, according to those classical traditions which he loves so well, if not so wisely, ends up with a *threnos*—a *threnos* over Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. John Morley. There are certain reasons which make us as unlikely as we should be unwilling say anything against these two distinguished writers. Mr. Goldwin Smith is, it seems, Mr. Arnold's ideal politician and Mr. John Morley is not his ideal politician at all, but his ideal journalist. Alas, how easily things go wrong! Despite the careers marked out for them by fate and Mr. Arnold, Mr. Smith has gone to Canada and Mr. Morley to Parliament. So the round men are in the square holes, and there is in Parliament, or in journalism, no one to 'expound the sings of the times.' There is literature, of course (let us hope Mr. Smith and Mr. Morley will note this distinction with pleasure), and a poor man-of-letters here or there in the intervals of visiting America will no doubt speak the truth. 'But how ineffective an organ is literature for conveying [the signs of the time] compared with Parliament and journalism!'—*The Saturday Review*.

ANDREW LANG AN LL.D.—St. Andrews University has done itself the honor of conferring the degree of LL.D. upon Andrew Lang. No young man of letters in the United Kingdom is worthier of academic distinction. In addition to his duties as a hardworking journalist, Mr. Lang has found time for historical inquiries that have produced valuable results, for careful criticism, and for several volumes of graceful and ingenious verse. The accurate scholarship of Butcher and Lang's version of the *Odyssey* may very probably be the work of Mr. Lang's co-laborer, but we can hardly err in attributing to Mr. Lang the literary sense which makes the work an admirable specimen of English prose. The sonnet prefixed to this translation is one of the proofs that Mr. Lang is capable of striking a deeper note in English poetry than is attained in the half-serious verse by which he is best known.—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE CHARM OF AMERICAN NOVELS:—There is certainly a great charm to many minds in American novels. When they take for their subject the new life in the Far West, there is no end to the possibilities of romance and novelty to be found in them, though this feature in itself would not account for the now growing taste for American literature. In general, tales of adventure are not the most popular; and it might with more reason be affirmed that a story like this of 'The Led-Horse Claim' is interesting in *spite* rather than *because* of this flavor of the Far West, with its excitements and adventures. There is a distinct individuality about American novelists; they are fresher, more unconventional in their views of social life than we are, and, besides this, they generally show a keen perception of both humor and pathos. Then, they have a love of character-analysis which distinctly belongs to them as a nation, and a quaint and unusual way of putting their thoughts which acts like a pleasant stimulant—like pickles or red-pepper—to the jaded appetites of English novel-readers. It might be interesting to investigate how far this quaintness and unconventionality is real, and not merely apparent, in consequence of the American tone of mind being different to ours. This difference may make thoughts seem new and piquant to us which are quite ordinary to Americans themselves.—*The Spectator*.

THE FUTILITY OF REVOLVERS:—'Nurse,' said a penitent Western miner, as he lay in hospital after an accident, 'I'll never draw a revolver on a man again as long as I live.' The nurse (whose name was not Yseult) expressed her pleasure in this moral resolution, when the patient went on to say, 'Guess I'll go for the galoot with a two-scatter shoot-gun.' It was the means, not the end, of which this person was repenting. People about to assassinate anybody will do well to reflect on these sentiments before they find themselves in prison or in hospital. It is pitiful to think of the careless and unsportsmanlike manner in which assassinations are now too frequently attempted. This doubtless comes partly from the enthusiasm of amateurs, especially of ladies. Carried away by the reflection that they can easily advertise themselves all over the newspaper-reading world, they throw themselves with a light heart into enterprises beyond what some theatrical critics call 'their means.'—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

—LORD LYTTON (Owen Meredith) will soon bring out a new poem, somewhat in the manner of 'Lucile.' 'Glenaverie, or The Metamorphosis' will be its name; and it will be published in London by Murray, in six monthly parts, while, by an arrangement with the author, Messrs. Appleton will be its sponsors in this country. The story, it is said, is wholly modern, possesses a strong narrative interest, and contains some Parliamentary portraits of contemporary English Statesmen, as well as sketches of London life.

—Mary Hallock Foote is at work in Boise City on a new novel of Western life, which will be longer than 'The Led-Horse Claim.'

—Andrew Lang is preparing a revised edition of 'Custom and Myth.'

—Alexander Hamilton's complete works, edited with an introduction and notes, by Henry Cabot Lodge, are beginning to appear from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. The set will be complete in nine volumes, of which the first has already appeared. The edition—the first complete one ever issued of Hamilton's writings—will be limited to 500 copies, handsomely printed from unusually large type, and embellished with steel-engravings from the portraits by Trumbull and Robertson. The statesman's private correspondence (including a number of hitherto unprinted letters), and the contributions of Jay and Madison to *The Federalist*, will be included in this new edition.

—Vedder's 'Rubāiyāt' drawings are on exhibition in Chicago.

—In the notes accompanying a striking reproduction of Waltner's etching of Rembrandt's 'Gilder,' in *The Art Amateur* for March, some ingenious reasons are given for thinking that the picture is not the portrait of a gilder (*doreur*), but of an artist named Domer.

—Nearly 8000 copies of Holmes's 'Emerson' have been disposed of in the past eleven weeks.

—'Deldee, or the Iron Hand,' the new novel by the author of 'The House on the Marsh,' is known in England as 'A Dog with a Bad Name.' In this country it appears in Appleton's new cheap series.

—Charles O'Connor's library is to be sold at auction by Leavitt & Co. early in the present month. It numbers about 5000 volumes, and includes nearly all of his law-books, except those lettered on the back 'My Own Cases,' which were left by will to the New York Law Institute.

—'A Carpet Knight,' a story of modern society, by the author of 'Cupid and the Sphinx,' and 'Pilot Fortune,' by Miss M. C. L. Reeves and Emily Read, will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—The Chautauqua Circle has just added a new and important branch to the many into which it is already divided. This is an art 'circle,' to be called the Chautauqua Society of Fine Arts, in which it is proposed to give lessons in drawing and painting by correspondence. Every branch of art will be taught, from elementary drawing to oil-painting. The plan is a thoroughly practical one, and will be carried out in the best interests of the fine arts. Mr. Frank Fowler has been appointed Director, and Messrs. R. Swain Gifford, Thomas Moran and Will H. Low will act as a Committee of Award. The course of study will extend over two years, at the end of which time diplomas will be given and prizes awarded for the best work in the different classes. The membership fee is fifty cents a year. Application for circulars and further information should be made to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

—It has been stated, with some show of authority, that General Grant's autobiography is to be published by Mr. Charles L. Webster, the publisher of Mark Twain's books, and not by the Century Co. It may be that Mr. Webster will be the General's publisher, but up to the time of our going to press, the contract had not been signed. General Grant has suspended work upon his book. Until a few days since, he wrote energetically several hours a day.

—The leading article in the March *Magazine of American History*—not only in respect to position, but in interest as well—is an illustrated sketch of 'The Fairfaxes of Yorkshire and Virginia,' by the Rev. Dr. Richard Wheatley. Mrs. Lamb has put new life into this old magazine, which was moribund when she took hold of it.

—Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, announce Maurice F. Egan's 'Songs and Sonnets,' for publication at Easter.

—Of Joseph Thomson's 'Through Masai Land,' shortly to be republished in this country, the London *Times* says that, in point of novelty, there has been nothing to compare with it since Stanley's 'Through the Dark Continent.' It is the latest word on African exploration.

—The name of the Chautauqua Cultivators' Circle has been changed to the Chautauqua Town and Country Club. The 'required readings' of the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union are still published as a monthly supplement to *Wide Awake*, but are bound up at the end of the year in a separate volume.

—Julian Hawthorne has recently finished two stories, 'The Countess Almaar's Murder,' a tale of New York, and 'The Trial of Gideon,' a tale of the hills of Moab in pre-historic times. The two stories will be published in one volume by Funk & Wagnalls.

—'Red-Letter Stories,' translated by Lucy Wheelock, from the German of Madame Johanna Spyri, and illustrated (Lothrop), contains two pretty little Swiss stories, simple, pleasing and effective, adapted to children six or eight years old.

—'Two Years in a Jungle, With Rifle and Knife' is the exciting title of the story of his wild adventures by W. T. Hornaday, the naturalist and traveller. The Scribners, who will publish the book, have also in press President McCosh's reply to President Eliot's recent address before the Nineteenth Century Club, on 'A New Departure in College Education.' 'Across the Chasm' is the title of the anonymous novel by a Southern lady which this firm are soon to issue.

—Whoever rejoices in 'The Peanut Plant: its Cultivation and Use' may consult a very thorough-looking little pamphlet (illustrated) by B. W. Jones of Virginia, discussing that 'burning question' and throwing light in abundance on the nut beloved of moles.

—Mr. E. W. Howe writes to the editor of *The Book-Buyer*:

'The Mystery of the Locks' was written at night during eight or nine months of last year. As you may know, I am the editor and proprietor of an evening newspaper, the *Globe*, which occupies my entire time during the day. The 'Country Town' was written in the same way, though I was longer about it. I dislike the work very much as I am compelled to do it, because it makes me nervous and disturbs my rest. During the day I feel a good deal like a man who knows that when he goes home at night he will be compelled to take some sort of a disagreeable dose—a pill, for example—which will disturb him all through the night. My wife and two children dislike it too, because they think it necessary for them to go up-stairs when I begin to look for the ink. I am not very well pleased with either of the books; I feel that I have never had a fair chance, and I am sure I could have done better work had I more leisure. The Missouri River is lined with towns like 'Davy's Bend.' The original towns in the West (this part of it, at least) were on the river, but the railroads have ruined them, except in a few instances. This is true to a certain extent along all the American rivers; the railroads are now more important than the boats. A gentleman who looked over the manuscript of 'The Mystery' wondered why I write only sad stories, since I am not personally of that disposition. I think it is because I write stories at night. I think I never felt ambitious or encouraged in my life after dark, and darkness has a bad effect upon me, which only daylight can dispel; if I think over my affairs after I am in bed they seem trifling and complicated, but they seem much better the next morning. Surely I was not sad while writing 'The Mystery of the Locks,' though always tired. There were bright faces in it—the faces of my two children, who always come in to kiss me good-night; but after they were gone the darkness had such an effect upon me, that I peeped with ghostly footfalls the stairs on which they climbed to their beds.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 895.—Where can I find (1) a poem called 'The Deathless City' or 'The City of the Deathless,' and (2) a poem beginning:

To his own funeral came,
One glowing from the skies?

NEW YORK CITY.

W. S. W.

No. 896.—Can you tell me anything of Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King, or of a poem written by her called 'Sermon in a Hospital,' from 'The Disciples'?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

M. H. L.

No. 897.—Can any reader of THE CRITIC furnish me with an Index to Vol. 4 of *Good Literature*, Nos. 104-129 inclusive? I would pay 25 cents for one.

FRANKLIN, PA.

F. L. BENSINGER.

ANSWERS.

No. 888.—Marmion W. Savage wrote 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' 'The Falcon Family,' 'My Uncle, the Curate,' 'The Woman of Business,' 'Clover Cottage,' 'Reuben Medicott,' and edited Richard Lalor Sheil's 'Legal and Political Sketches.' He also, some time in the fifties, edited the London *Examiner*.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS.

E. C. A.

[A similar reply is sent by John Edmonds, Librarian of the Mercantile Library, Philadelphia, and by A. T., of Montrose, N. J., who adds that Savage died in 1872. He was an Irishman.]

No. 889.—Wild geese are said to fly high when the weather is clear or clearing; hence the aphorism 'Everything is lovely when the goose honks high.' I cannot give the name of the originator.

BALTIMORE, MD.

J. T. PERELLE.

No. 894.—The lines occur in an old temperance poem, which was reprinted (as original) in a little paper called *Gems of Poetry*, about a year ago, over the signature of W. P. Vale. Here it is in full:

In Eden's green retreats, a water brook that played
Between soft mossy seats, beneath a palm-tree's shade,
Where rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink
And also Eve's;

Beside the parent spring of that young stream, the pair
Their morning chant would sing, and Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side
And made the tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God from Egypt led his flock
They thirsted, and his rod smote the Arabian rock
And forth a rill
Of water gushed
And on they rushed
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have bloomed, had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's thirsty wild have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still, and dealt out to that host
To every man a gill, and pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
In Canaan's land?

Sweet fields beyond death's flood stand dressed in living green,
For, from the Throne of God, to freshen all the scene,
A river rolls
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their empty bowls.

If Eden strength and bloom cold water thus has given,
If 'en beyond the tomb it is the drink of Heaven,
Are not good wells
And crystal springs
The very things
For our hotels?

No. 894.—The poem was written by John Pierpont for the opening of the Marlborough Hotel, Boston, as a temperance house, July 4, 1837, and appeared in 'Airs of Palestine, and Other Poems,' published by James Munroe & Co., Boston, 1840.

CLINTON, MASS.

G. W. R.

THE impression, which seems to be common, that THE TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn., is merely an Accident Company, is a great mistake. It is true that it is the *only* large Accident Company in America, and the largest in the world; but it is also a Life Company of unsurpassed soundness and cheapness. As it does not load its premium rates for presumptive 'dividends,' they are lower than those of almost any other sound company.